TO

The Right Honourable the

Lord Viscount Cobham

These VIEWS of

Temples, and other Ornamental Buildings, in

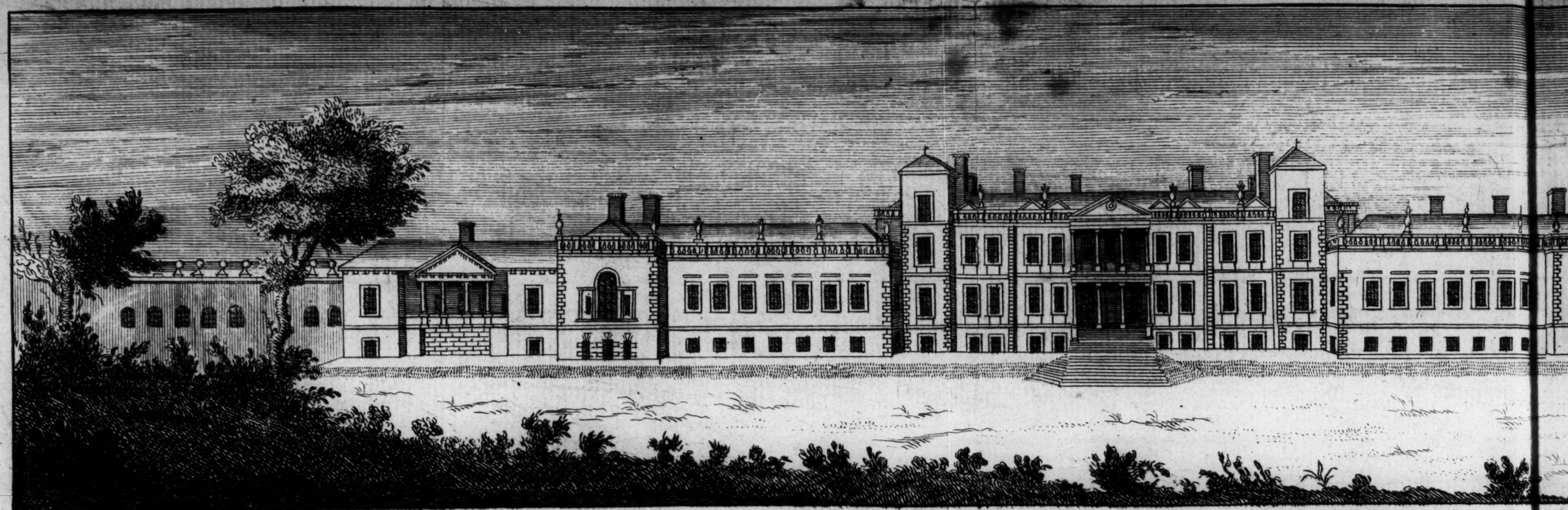
The Gardens at Stow,

Are humbly Dedicated by his

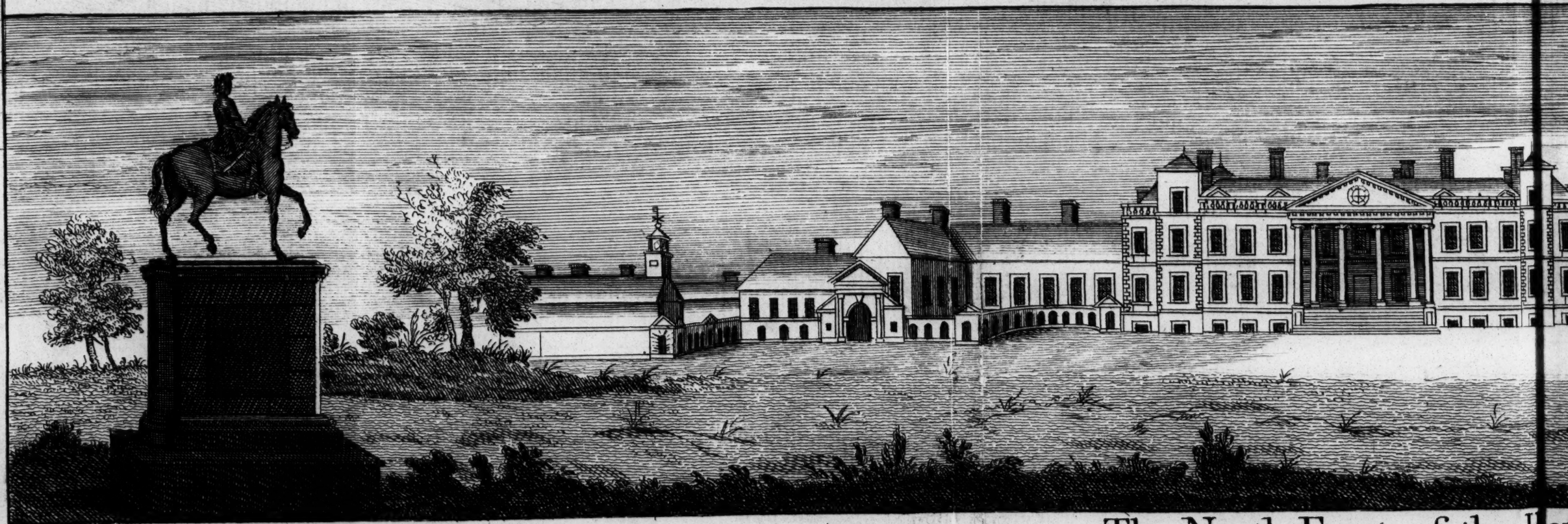
Lordship's

Obliged & most obed.t Servant.

B. Seeley.



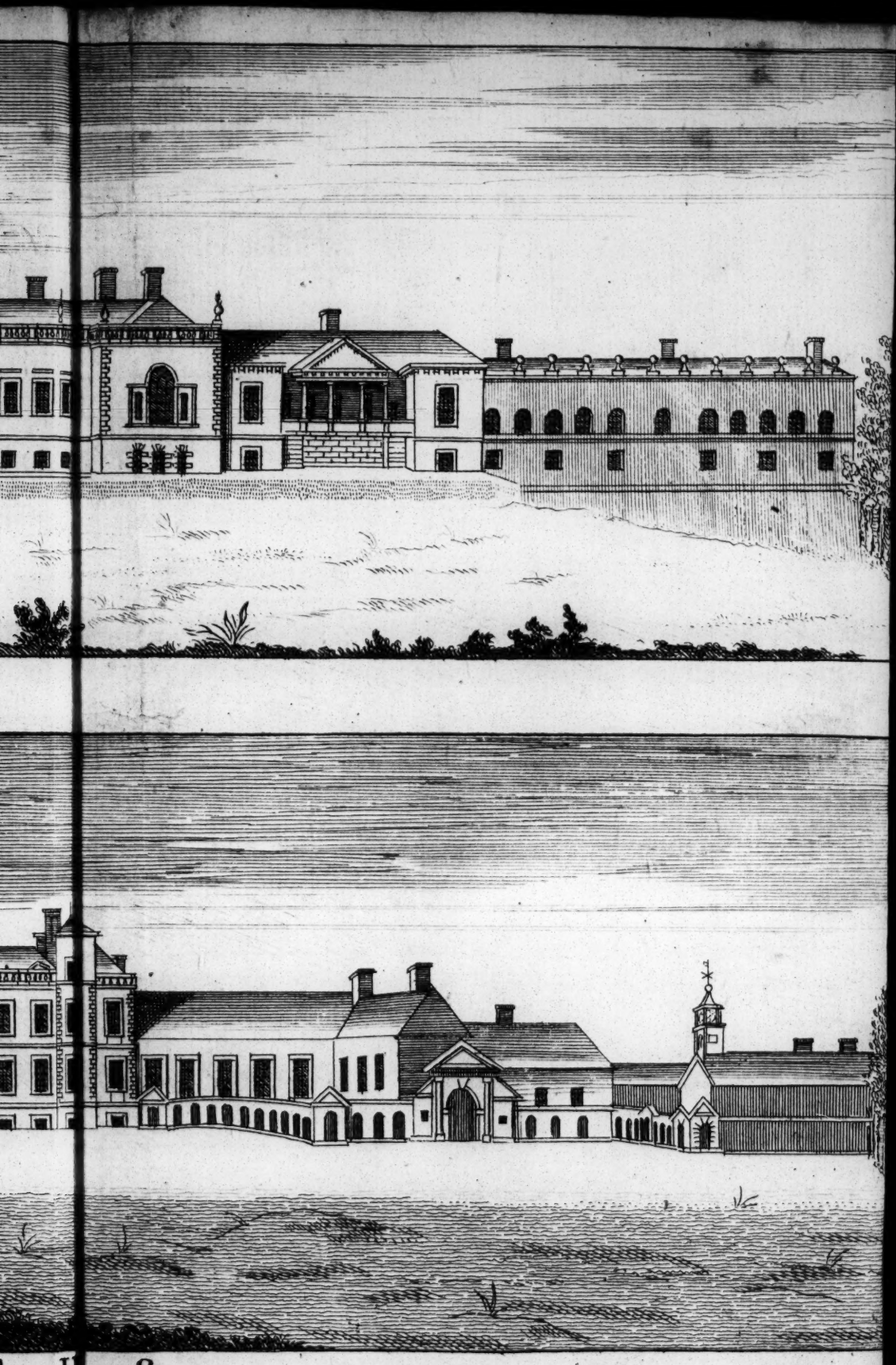
The South, or Garden Front of the Houſe.



An Equeſtrian Statue of George I.

The North Front of the Hou

B. Seeley delin.



he Houſe.

Publiſh'd according to act of Parliament May 1.st 1750.

A

DIALOGUE:

CONTAINING A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

GARDENS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

Lord Viſcount COBHAM,

AT

STOW in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

TOGETHER WITH

COPIES of the INSCRIPTIONS.

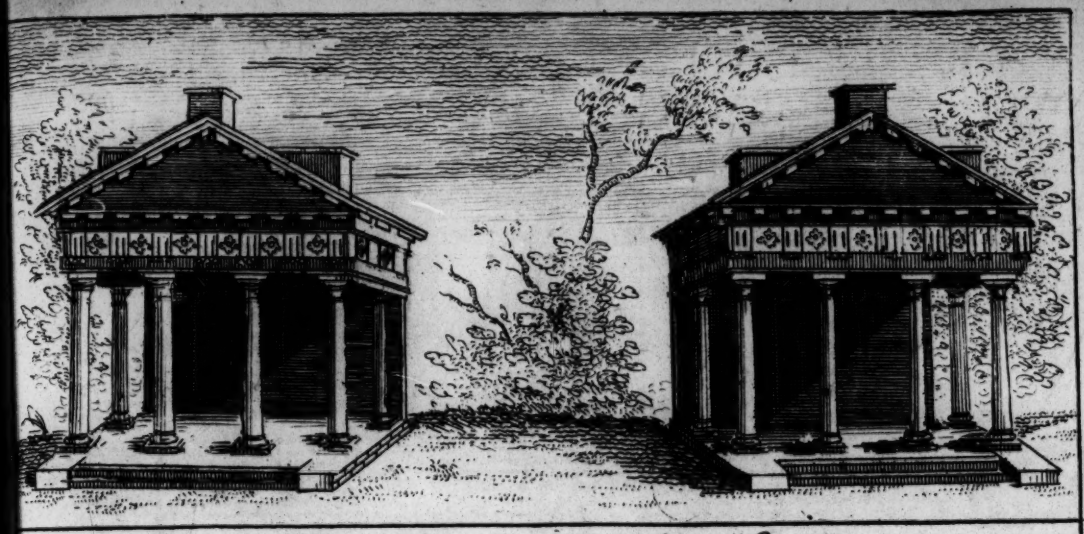
THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

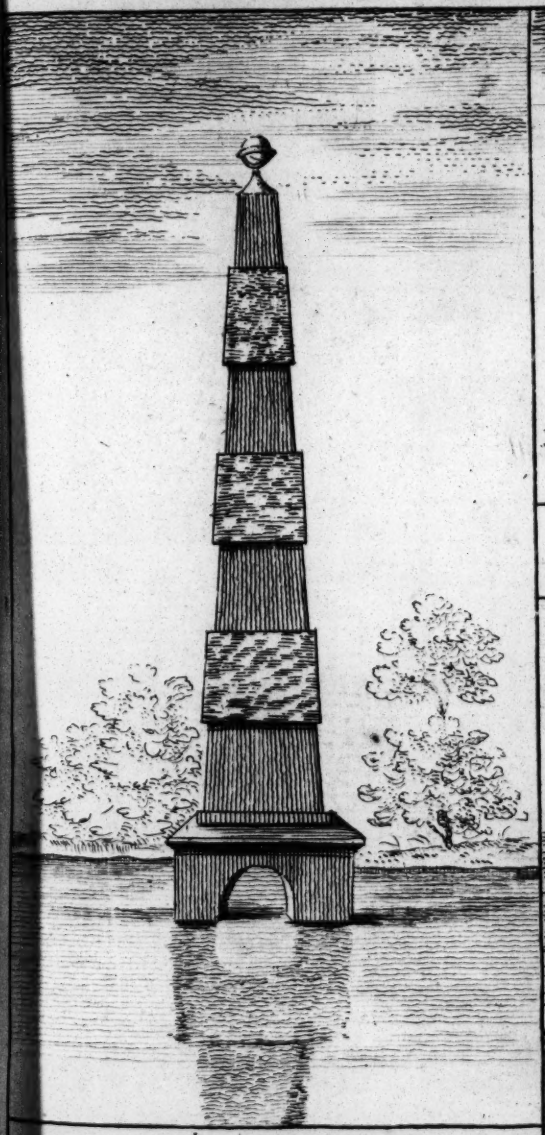
Printed for B. SEELEY, Bookſeller in *Buckingham*, and Sold by J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. M DCC LI.

(Price Sixpence.)

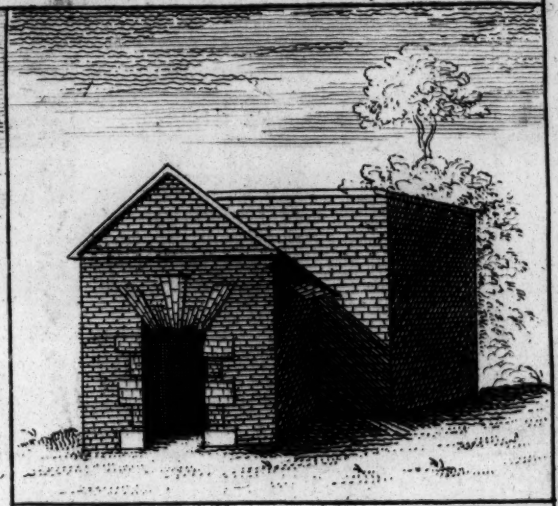
PRESENTED BY
MUSEUM
S.S.B.
BRITANNICUM
LADY BANKS.



Two Pavilions at the Entrance.



The Obelisk.

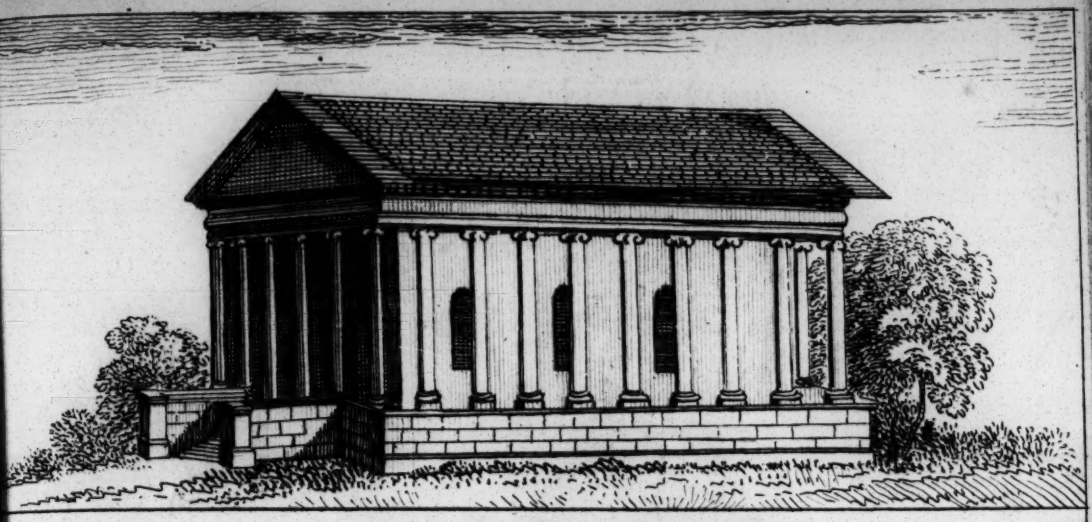


The Cold Bath.

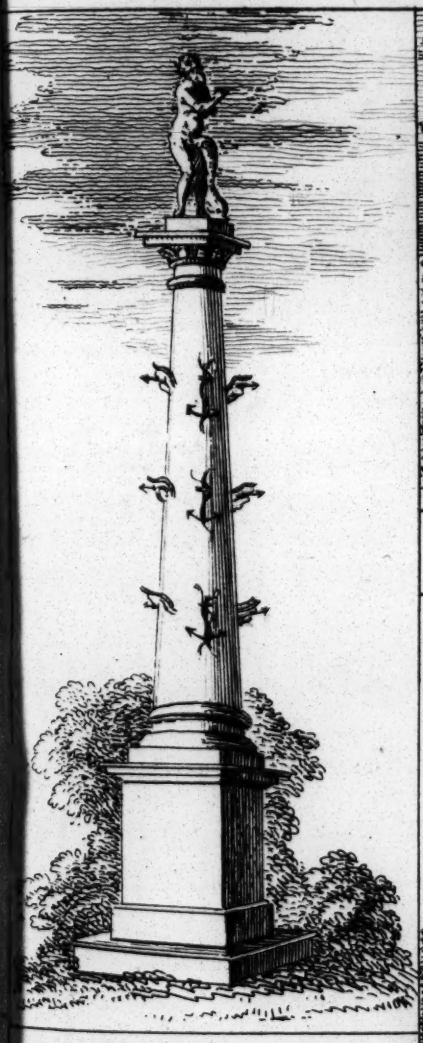


The Hermitage.

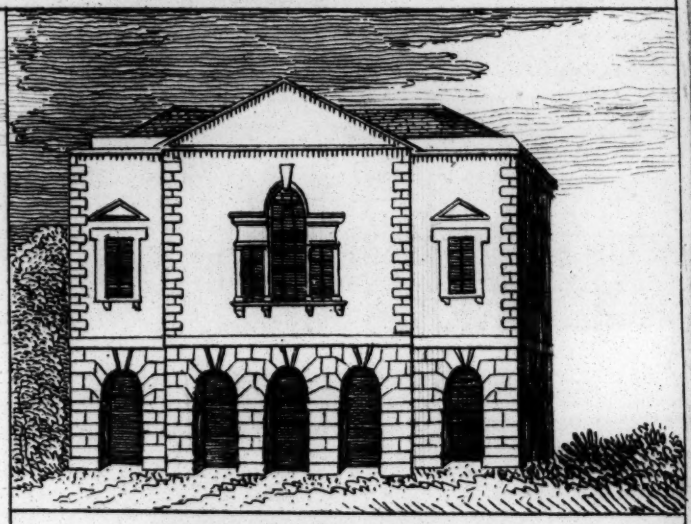
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament May 1. 1750. B. Seeley. delin.



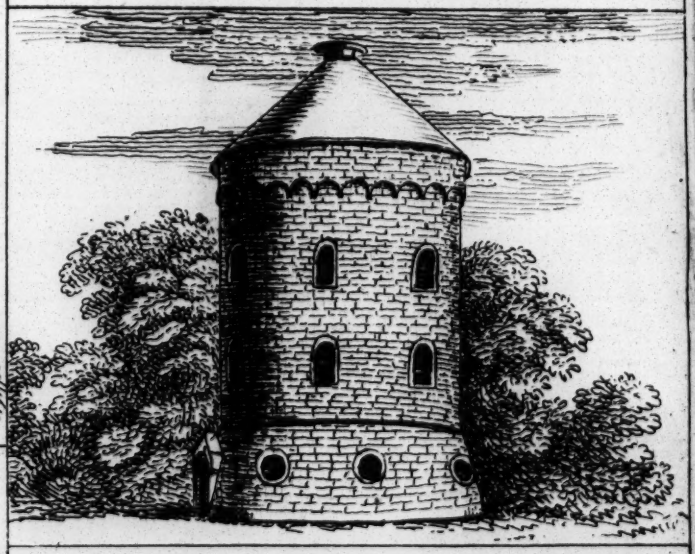
The Grecian Temple.



Capt. Grenville's Monument.



The Lady's Temple.



The Keeper's Lodge in the Park.

B. Seeley delin. Publish'd according to Act of Parliament. 1750.





The Gothic Temple.



The Palladian Bridge.

B. Seeley delin

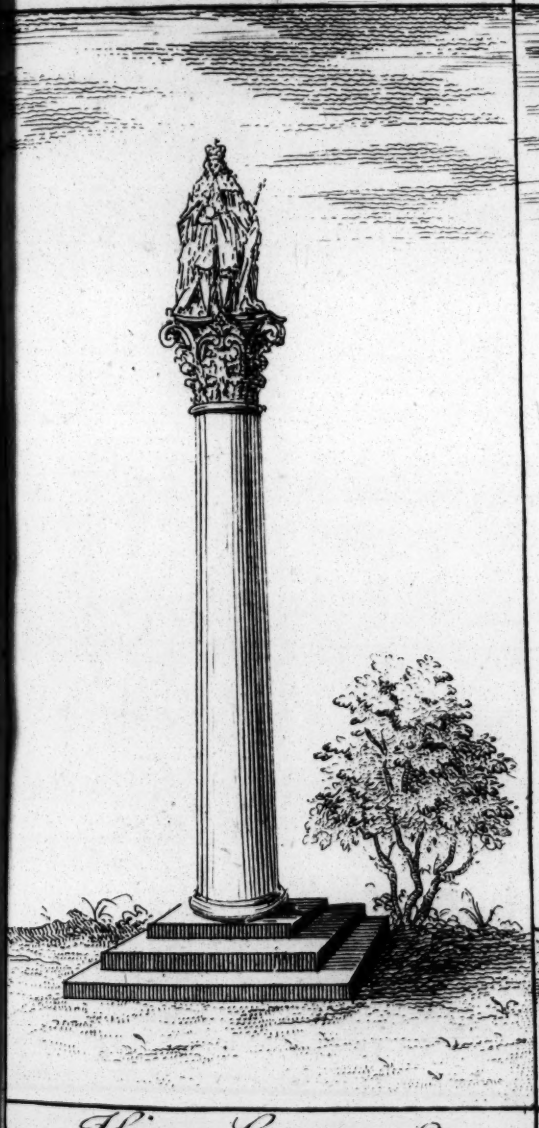
Publish'd according to act of Parliament. 1750.



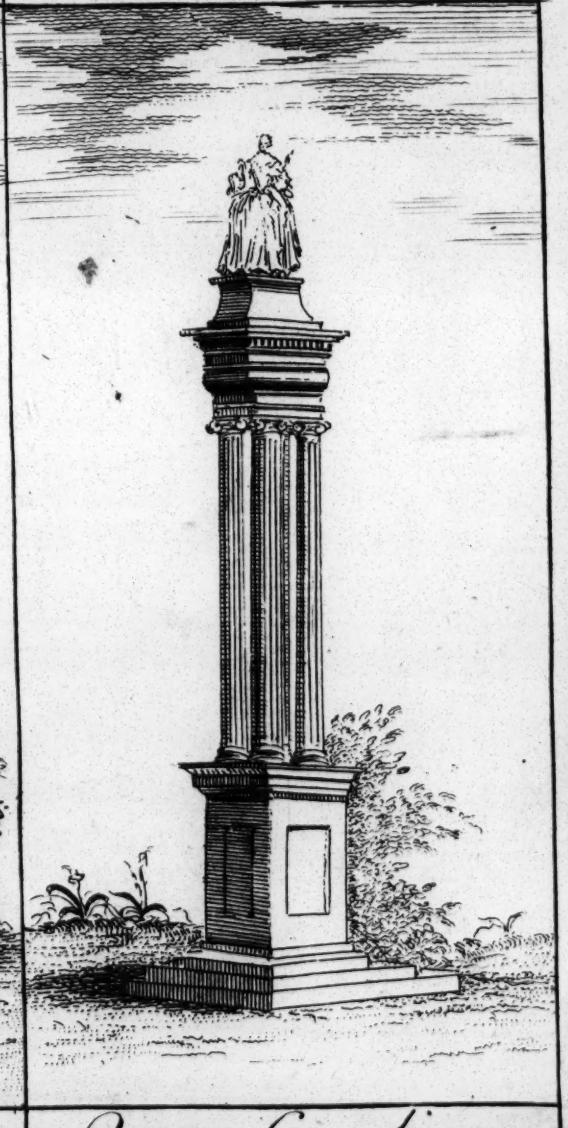
Dido's Cave.



The Rotunda.



King George 2.



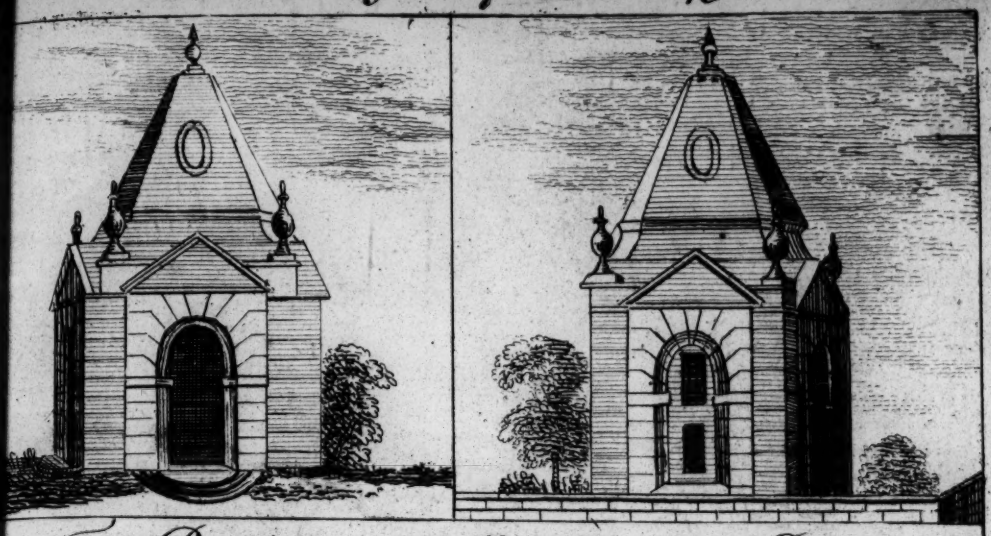
Queen Caroline.

Publishid according to Act of Parliament May 1. 1750.

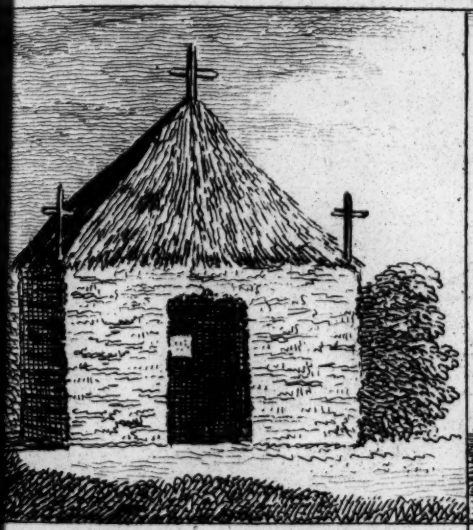
B. Seeley. delin.



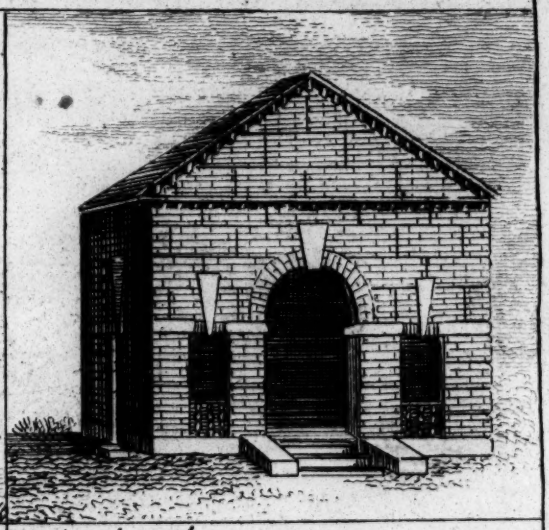
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament. 1750.



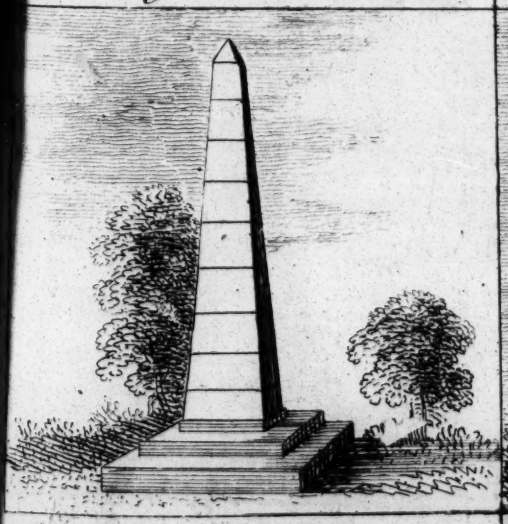
Two Pavilions at the Entrance to the Park.



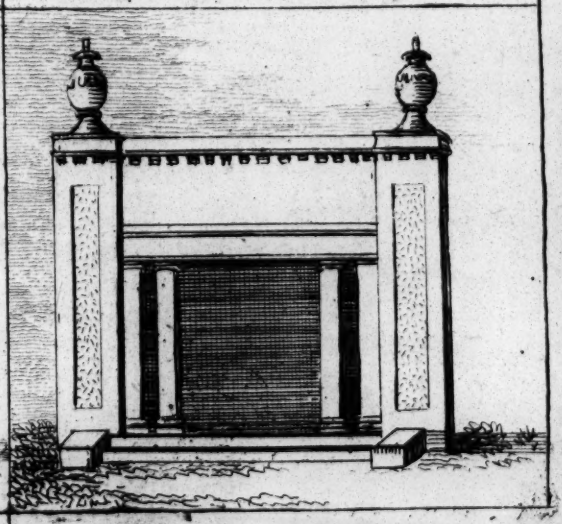
St. Augustine's Cave.



The Temple of Bacchus.

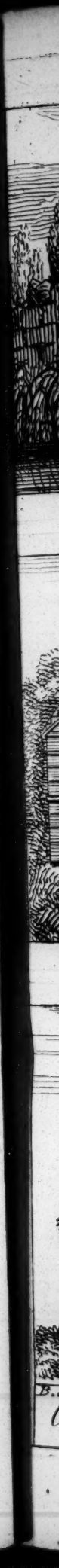


Couchers Obelisk.



Nelsons Seat.

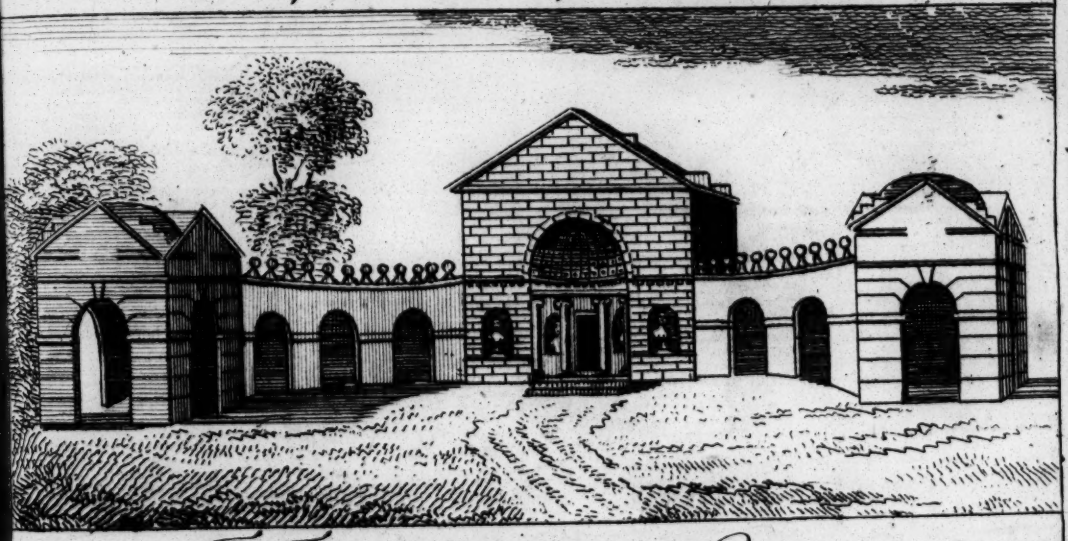
B. Seeley delin.



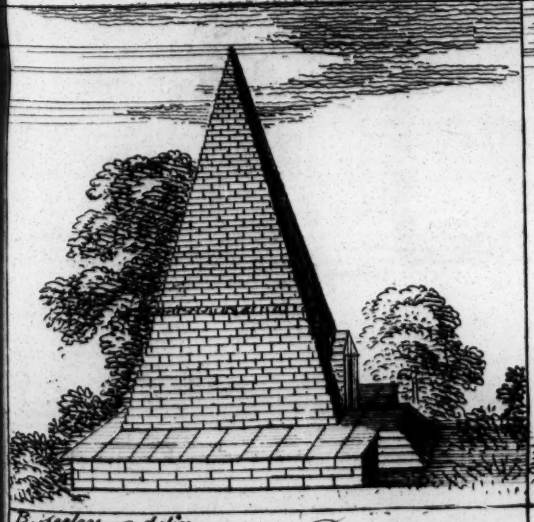
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament. 1750.



An Artificial Peice of Rock-work.



The Temple dedicated to Venus.



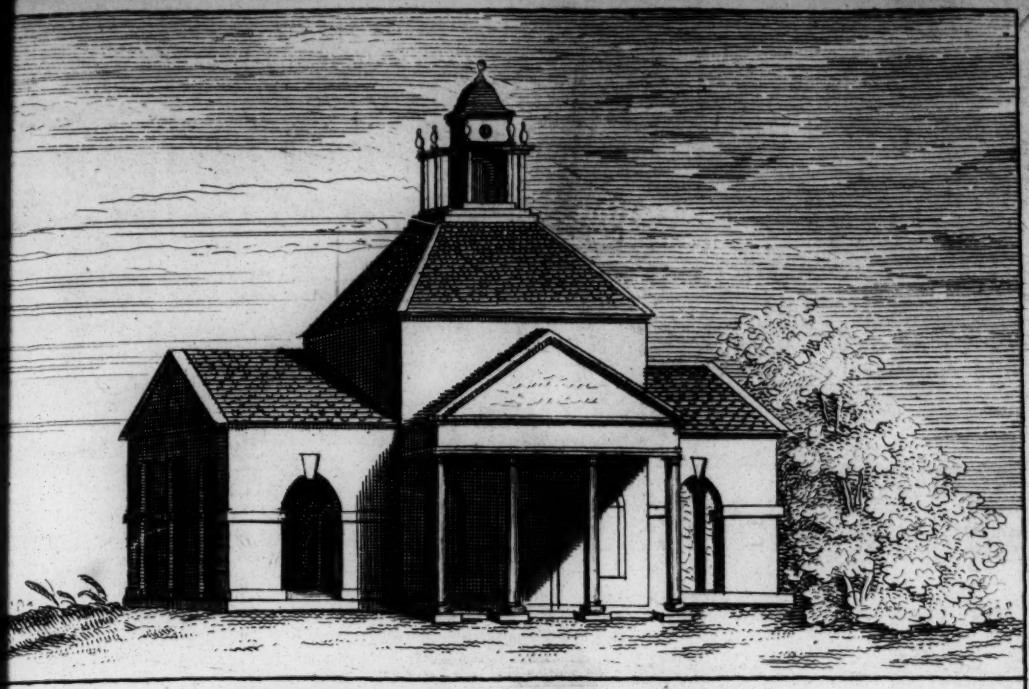
B. Seeley delin.

An Egyptian Pyramid.

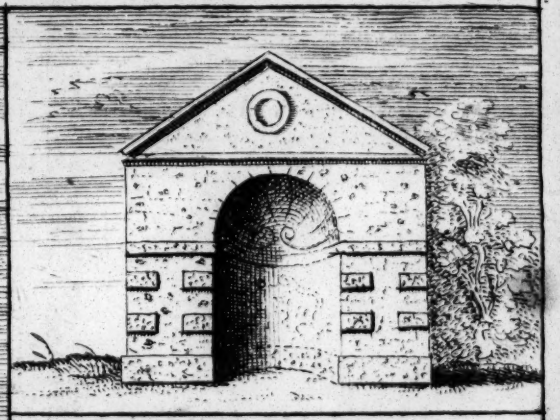


The Belvidere.

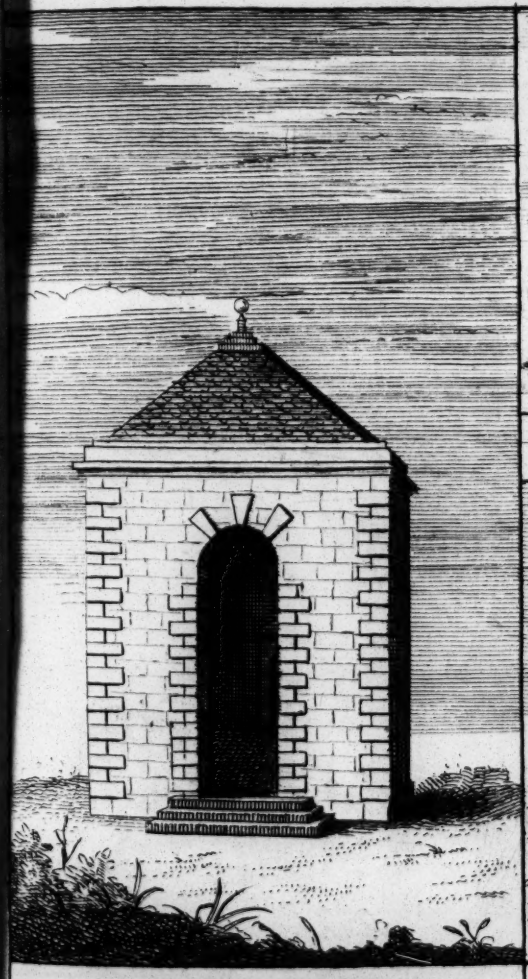




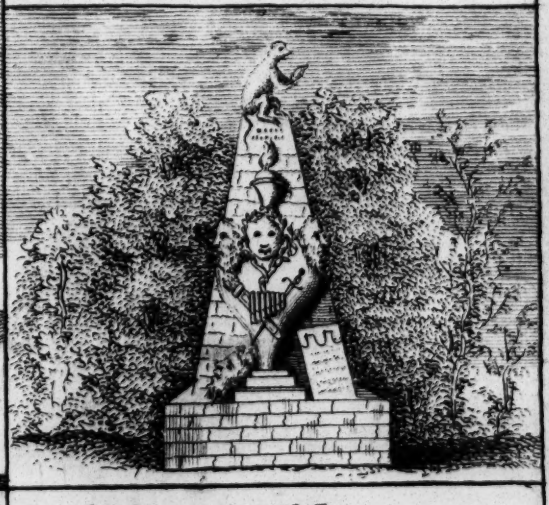
The Temple of Friendſhip.



The Pebble Alcove.

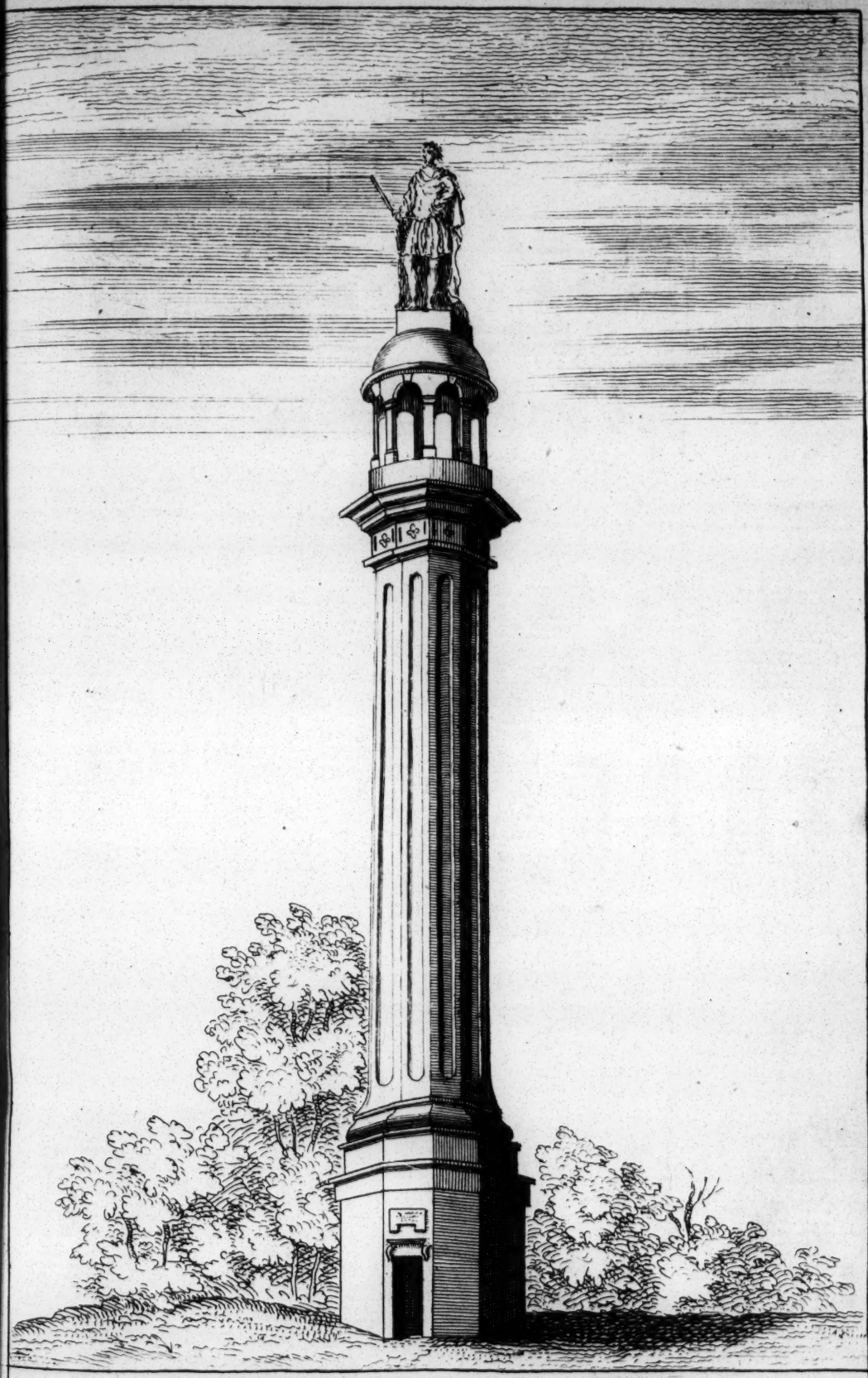


The Imperial Cloſet



Congreve's Monument.

B. Seeley delin. *Publiſh'd according to act of Parliament, 1750.*

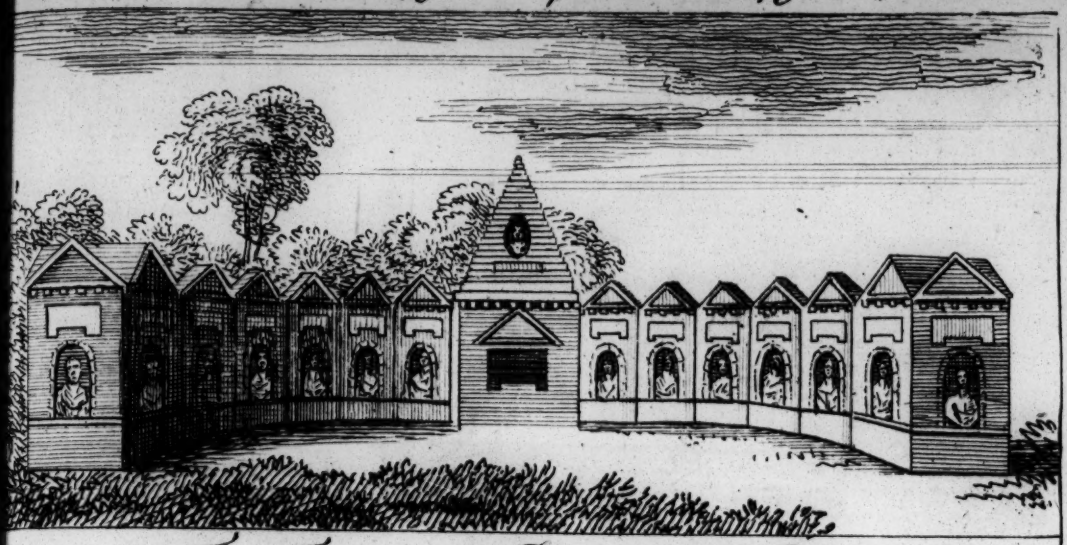


To preſerve the Memory of her Huſband,
Ann Viſcounteſs Cobham,
Caused this Pillar to be erected in the Year 1747.

B. Sixty delin *Publiſhd according to Act of Parliament May 1. 1750.*



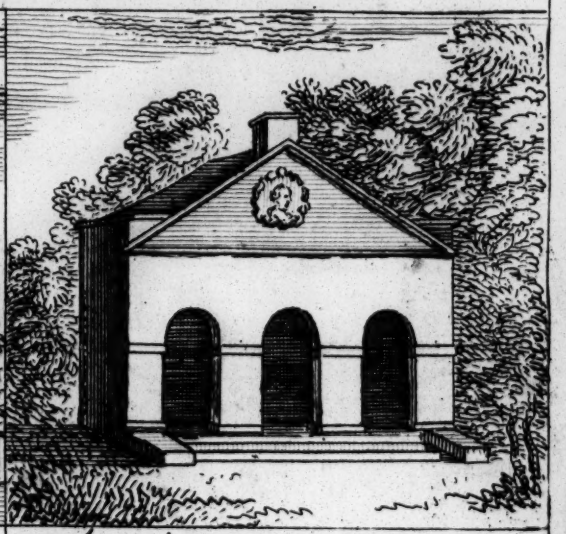
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1750.



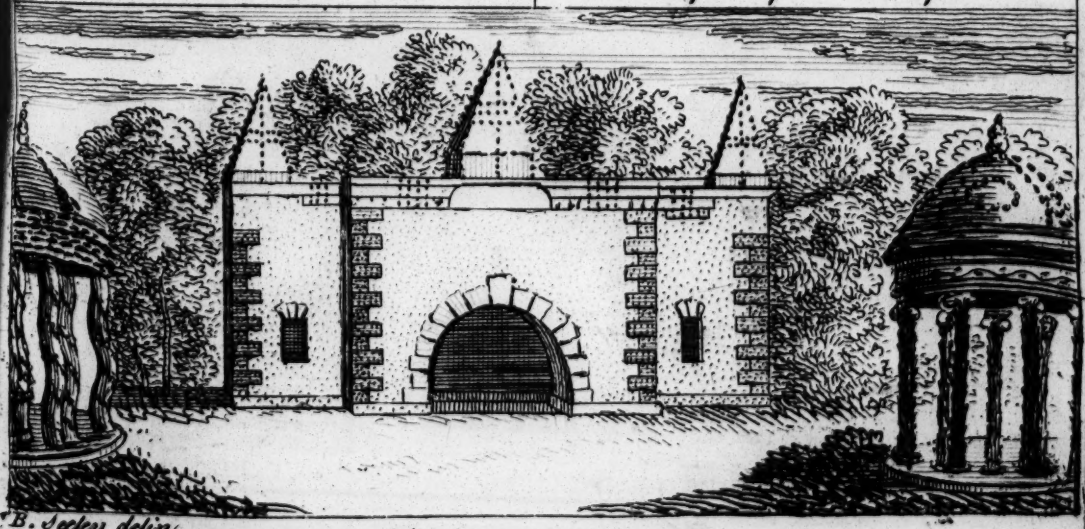
The Temple of British Worthies.



The Chinese House.



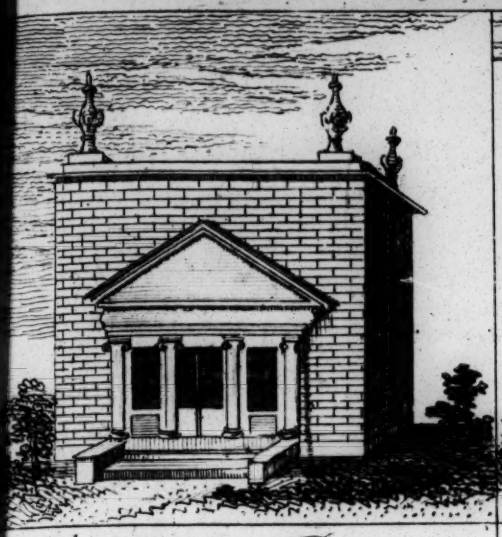
The Temple of Contemplation.



B. Seeley delin.

The Grotto.

Publishd according to Act of Parliamt. 1750.



The Sleeping Parlour



The Witch House



The Temple of Modern Virtue.



The Temple of Antient Virtue.



The Shell Bridge.

B. Seeley delin.

POLYPTHON was a Gentleman engaged in a way of Life, which excuſed him every Year two Autumn Months from Buſineſs. That Time he generally ſpent in making a Tour into ſome Part of the Kingdom. During one of theſe Journeys he paſſed a Week with his Friend *Callophilus* in *Buckinghamſhire*; a Gentleman, who, from ſome Diſappointments in Life, had conceived an early Diſtaſte to the World, which he had almoſt wholly renounced.

How theſe Gentlemen amuſed themſelves during the Week relates not to our preſent Purpoſe. All we are concerned with is that Morning they ſpent at *Stow*. *Polypthon*, who had never been there before, ſeemed to promiſe himſelf high Enjoyment from the firſt View of Things as they ſtruck him at the Entrance: The mouldring Edifice upon the left of the Canal *, the Opening towards the Houſe, the Mazes of the River, the beautiful Diſpoſition of the Trees on the oppoſite Side, and the venerable old Temple † upon the Hill, made, he ſaid, a noble Variety of Objects; and gave him a kind of Earneſt of what his Expectation was raiſed to.

He then began to examine Particulars: The firſt Objects which engaged his Attention were the two Pavilions, as they are called, at the South Entrance; the Walls of which are adorned in Freſco, with Stories, tolerably painted, from *Paſtor Fido*: ‡ One of them with

* The Obeliſk in the Centre of this Baſon is 70 Feet high.
† The Gothic Temple.
‡ Act 2. Sc. 2.

that barbarous Scene, where *Sylvio* is repreſented laviſhing thoſe Kiſſes upon his Dog, of which his languiſhing Miſtreſs ſat in Expectation.—The * other with the Confuſion of *Myrtillo*, who having caught his blindfolded Miſtreſs at an Advantage, is too much awed by her Preſence to reap the innocent Fruit of his Guile.

From hence they went down to the Lake †. This was one of *Callophilus*'s favourite Views; its Rudeneſs, he told his Friend, exceedingly ſtruck his Fancy. Has not that Ruin, ſays he, a good Effect? How romantic is yon' Hermitage! Thoſe Pines which hang nodding over thoſe broken Arches, that murmurring Caſcade, and thoſe Fawns and Satyrs dancing to its Sound, I aſſure you, begin to raiſe very wild Ideas in my Head.—Whence is it, my Friend, that the Imagination, even of a good-natured Man, is more enraptured with theſe rude Appearances of Nature, theſe Proſpects of the ruinous Kind, than with the moſt ſmiling Views of Plenty and Proſperity?—O! replied *Polypthon*, no Depth of Caſuiſtry is wanting to aſcertain that: You Enthuſiaſts are fond of Solitude; and you transfer this Fondneſs to ſuch Scenes as will moſt probably afford it—Scenes, where no human Footſteps, except your own, are likely to be found.—I rather take this romantic Taſte, replied *Callophilus*, to be more general; and to avoid the Imputation of Ill-nature, I would diſtinguiſh between Pleaſures of a moral Kind, and thoſe of the Imagination: The former we enjoy, when we contemplate a Country ſmiling in the midſt of Plenty, Houſes well built, Plantations regular, every thing commodious: But ſuch Regularity excites little Pleaſure in the Imagination, which is ſtruck only by Things uncommon, Things odd and ſurprizing. I remember, ſays he, when you and I made a Tour into the North of *England*, you were then as much pleaſed with theſe rude Views as I was; and ſaid, our well-cultivated Plains were not comparable to their rough Nature in point of Proſpect.

* Act 3. Sc. 2.

† This Lake contains ten Acres.

Some-

Sometimes we found ourſelves hemmed within an Amphitheatre of Mountains variouſly ornamented with ſcattered Trees, tufted Woods, grazing Cattle, and ſmoaking Cottages. Half an Hour would perhaps have carried us to the Foot of a ſteep Precipice, down which thundered the Weight of ſome vaſt River, daſhed into Foam at the Bottom, by the craggy Points of riſing Rocks: A deep Gloom overſpread the Proſpect; hanging Woods embowering the Caſcade on every Side. A Mile further would have brought us to an extenſive Lake: Two or three tufted Iſlands adorned its Boſom: Its Sides were overhung by enormous Rocks, and vaſt Precipices.

By this Time, the Gentlemen arrived at the Temple of *Venus*.

* This Place is adorned with every thing capable of ſuggeſting the looſeſt Ideas. Upon the Walls particularly is painted the Hiſtory of *Malbecco* and *Hellinore*, from *Spencer* †. On one Side he deſcries her revelling amongſt Satyrs.—On the other, ſhe threatens to awake them, if he does not immediately retire. Cuſtom had familiarized this Place to *Callophilus*; but his Friend was not a little moved with Indignation at it. A Man had need, ſaid he, of ſome Philoſophy here. This wanton Story, theſe luxurious Couches, and the Em-

* It is a ſquare Building with collonade Wings. The Outſide was adorned with the Buſts of *Cleopatra*, *Fauſtina*, and ſome others: But they are now removed out of the Way of ſuch miſchievous People, as having no Taſte to admire beuatiful Objects, have an Itch only to deſtroy them; from whom the Buſts, and ſeveral of the other Ornaments of the Garden have ſuffered greatly. The Painting is by Mr. *Slater*, and very good: That of the Picture upon the left, as you enter, eſpecially, in which the Compoſition and Colouring are maſterly; the Woman is but an awkard Figure. The Roof is adorned with a naked *Venus*; and the ſmaller Compartments with a Variety of Intrigues. Upon the Frize is a Motto from *Catullus*.

Nunc amat qui nondum amavit;
Quique amavit, nunc amat.
Let him love now, who never loved before:
Let him, who always loved, now love the more.

† See Book iii. of the Fairy Queen, Cant. x.

belliſhments round the Roof, give the Place quite a *Cyprian* Air—Come, let us leave it, I find it infectious.

At the Extremes of the immenſe Terras, which runs from this Temple to that of Friendſhip, are fixed two Statues *; the Poſition of which pleaſed neither of our Gentlemen. They both agreed they were Objects too ſmall for ſo vaſt a Diſtance. And *Polypthon* ſaid, the Statues, and the Terras, together, made a kind of a Compoſite of *Liliput* and *Brobdignag*.

They were not a little pleaſed, however, with an uncultivated Field upon the right; the Simplicity of which contraſted very agreeably with the grand Objects on every Side. It would ſtill, ſaid *Collophilus*, be more a Contraſt, if a few Shepherd's Cots were built upon it, and Cattle turned in.

From hence they walked to the † Belvidere, the Boicot ‡ Buildings, and the § Pyramid. This laſt, ſituated

* Of *Cain* killing *Abel*, and the fighting Gladiator.

† This Place was formerly the Temple of the *Britiſh* Worthies. Beneath it is an Ice-Houſe.

‡ The Boicot Buildings are ſquare Baſes crowned with Pyramids. They adorn the Entrance to the Houſe. One of them is inhabited; the other, which ſtands in the Garden, is adorned with the Statues of *J. Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Calpburnia*, and *Livia*.

§ The Pyramid is 60 Feet high. On the Outſide is this Inſcription:

Inter plurima hortorum horum ædificia a Johanne Vanbrugh, equite, deſignata, hanc pyramidem illius memoriæ ſacram voluit Cobham.

To the Memory of Sir John Vanbrugh, by whom ſeveral of the Buildings in theſe Gardens were deſigned, Lord Cobham hath erected this Pyramid.

And in the Inſide.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti,
Tempus abire tibi eſt; ne potum largius æquo
Rideat et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

HORACE.

With Pleaſure ſurfeited, advanc'd in Age,
Man-like retire from Life's fantaſtick Stage:
Leſt Youth the great Indecency contemn,
And hiſs the from a Scene deſign'd for them.

Near

ſituated amongſt old Oaks, is a very beautiful Object, viewed eſpecially from ſome diſtant Parts of the Garden.

Here

Near this Place is St. *Auſtin*'s Cave, in which are the following Inſcriptions.

On the Right Hand:

Sanctus Pater Auguſtinus
(Prout aliquis divinus
Narrat) contra ſenſualem
Actum Veneris lethalem
(Audiat clericus) ex nivi
Similem puellam vivæ
Arte mira conformabat,
Qua cum bonus vir cubabat.
Quod ſi fas eſt in errorem
Tantum cadere doctorem;
Quæri poteſt, an carnalis
Mulier, potius quam nivalis,
Non ſit apta ad domandum,
Subigendum, debellandum
Carnis tumidum furorem,
Et importunum ardorem?
Nam ignis igni pellitur,
Vetus ut verbum loquitur.
Sed, innuptus, hac in lite
Apellabo te, marite.

On the Left:

Apparuit mihi, nuper in Somnio, cum nudis et anhelantibus molliter Papillis & hianti ſuaviter Vultu---Ehu! benedicite!

Cur gaudes, Satana, muliebrem ſumere formam?
Non facies Voti caſti me rumpere normam.
Heus fugite in Cellam; pulchram vitate Puellam;
Nam Radix Mortis fuit olim Fœmina in Hortis.

Vis fieri fortis? Noli concumbere Scortis.

In Sanctum Originem Eunuchum.

Filius Eccleſiæ Origines fortaſſe probetur:
Eſſe Patrem nunquam ſe ſine Teſte probet.
Virtus Diaboli eſt in Lumbis.

Fronting the Door:

Mente pie elatâ, peragro dum dulcia Prata,
Dormiit abſq; dolo pulchra Puella ſolo;
Multa oſtendebat, dum ſemiſupina jacebat,
Pulchrum Os, divinum Pectus, aperta Sinum.

Here the View is wholly intercepted by a Hedge; which *Polypthon* ſaid put him in mind of a Band of Muſick making a Pauſe for a few Moments in a Concert. One Extreme, ſays he, recommends another. The Moraliſts obſerve, a little Pain quickens our Reliſh of Pleaſure: and it is the Man of Taſte's Care not to diſtribute his Beauties with too profuſe a Hand, for a Reaſon of the ſame Kind.

Let not each Beauty every where be ſpy'd,
Where half the Skill is decently to hide.

From hence they continued their Walk by * *Nelſon*'s Seat,

Ut vidi Mammas, concepi extempore Flammas,
Et dicturus *ave*, dico, *Maria*, *cave*:
Nam magno totus violentèr turbine motus
Pœne illam invado, pœne et in ora cado.
Illa ſed haud lenté ſurgit, curritq; repenté,
Currit et, invito me, fugit illa cito;
Fugit Cauſa Mali; tamen Effectus Satanali,
Internoq; meum cor vorat Igne reum;
O inferne Canis, cur quotidie eſt tibi Panis,
Per viſos miros ſolicitare Viros?
Cur Monachos velles fieri tam Carne rebelles,
Nec caſtæ Legi turbida Membra regi?
In tibi jam Bellum dico, jam triſte Flagellum
Eſuriumq; paro, quéis ſubigenda Caro.
Quin abſcindatur, ne Pars ſincera trahatur,
Radix, qua ſolus naſcitur uſq; Dolus.

* In this Building are the following Inſcriptions, alluding to the Paintings.

On the Right-Hand.

Ultra Euphratem et Tigrim
uſq; ad Oceanum propagatâ ditione,
orbis Terrarum Imperium Romæ adſignat optimus Princeps,
cui ſuper advolat Victoria
laurigerum ſertum hinc inde
utraq; manu extendens,
comitantibus Pietate et Abundantiâ.

In arcu Conſtantini.

Having extended his Power beyond the *Euphrates* and *Tygris*,
as far as the Ocean,
this moſt potent Prince
aſſigns the Empire of the World to *Rome*:

over

Seat, the Temple of *Bacchus* *, and *Dido*'s Cave (which *Polypthon* took great Offence at for being built of hewn Stone) to the Rotunda †.

This Building is raiſed upon a gentle Eminence, near the Centre of the Garden; a Situation which gives it the Command of the whole Place. *Callophilus*, having ſeated his Friend, began to expatiate upon the many elegant Proſpects exhibited around them. There, ſaid he, you have an Opening laid out with all the Decorations of Art; an Area floated by a Canal, and peopled with Swans and Wild-Ducks; a Queen is the principal Figure in the Scene; and around her a Company of Nymphs and Swains ſhewing by their Mirth the Happineſs they enjoy under her Influence.—Something in this View had almoſt excited the ſatyric Smile from *Polypthon*, when his Friend, remarking it, went on: Obſerve, ſays he, how this Proſpect is beautifully contraſted by one on the oppoſite Side, where we are almoſt ſolely obliged to Nature. What a noble Theatre

over whom *Victory* flies,
waving a Laurel Crown,
accompanied with *Piety* and *Plenty*.
Upon *Conſtantine*'s Arch.

On the Left.
Poſt Obitum L. Veri,
in imperio cum Marco conſortis,
Roma
integram orbis Terrarum
poteſtatem ei et in eo contulit.
In Capitolio.

After the Death of *Lucius Verus*,
partner in the Empire with *Marcus*,
Rome
conferr'd on him
the Empire of the World.
In the Capitol.

* This Building commands great Part of the Garden. It is adorned with the Revels of *Bacchus*, painted by Mr. *Nollikins*.

† This Building is raiſed upon Ionic Pillars; and is ornamented with a gilt Statue of the *Venus* of *Medici*. The Building by Sir *J. Vanbrugh*.

is that Field formed into by that Semicircle of Trees? How beautifully does the Pyramid center the Eye? Thoſe two or three other Buildings likewiſe, juſt peeping above the Trees, add much to the Beauty of the View.—Nor is this other Proſpect inferior. That variety of different Shades in the Trees; the Lake ſpread ſo elegantly amongſt them, and glittering here and there through the Buſhes, with the Temple of *Venus* terminating the whole, make a beautiful Landſkip. There you have a Viſta likewiſe, prettily terminated by the Canal and the Obeliſk riſing in the midſt of it.

Polypthon owned he was not a little pleaſed with the ſeveral Proſpects around him; and ſaid he could ſit there very agreeably, till his Attention relaxed into a Slumber —Nay, ſaid his Friend, if you are inclined to reſt, I'll carry you where you may indulge the Inclination with Propriety. Deep in the Receſs of that Wood the God of Sleep hath reared his Habitation. There every viſible Object is ſhut from your Eyes; every noiſy one from your Ears; and every Charm to Indolence afforded.—As he ſaid this, he took *Polypthon* by the Hand, and led him to the Temple of Sleep. This Place hit his Humour: *Ovid* himſelf, he declared, could ſcarce have buried the Deity in a happier Retirement. This ſolemn Gloom, ſaid he, theſe eaſy Couches, and that excellent * Epicurean Argument over the Door, are ſtrong Opiates. Yet, methinks, here is wanting the Murmuring of a purling Stream to lethify the Senſes; though the Want is in ſome Meaſure ſupplied by the drouſy Lullabies of that buſy Swarm, which the Shade hath invited to wanton under it.—You would laugh at me, or I ſhould certainly throw myſelf down upon one theſe Couches; I am perſuaded I ſhould ſoon drop into Forgetfulneſs. *Callophilus* proteſted he thought Sleeping was a Compliment as much due to this Place, as Attention was to

* Cum omnia ſint in incerto, fave tibi.
Since all Things are uncertain, indulge thyſelf.

Raphael

Raphael at *Hampton-Court*. But try, ſays he, if your Curioſity cannot keep you awake. Come, leave theſe drowſy Abodes: Walk down that Alley, and thruſt your Head into the firſt Door you come to.—*Polypthon* did ſo; and affecting Surprize, declared he had been frighted by Ten thouſand Devils.

The Hut he had been in is called the Witch-houſe. Upon the Wall is painted in Freſco the Midnight Merriment of Hags; the capital Performances, it ſeems, of an ingenious Butler in the Family. *Polypthon* chid his Friend for carrying him to ſee ſuch execrable Scrawling; and begged he would make him amends by ſhewing him ſomething worth looking at. So they proceeded to the Temple of ancient Virtue. Here *Polypthon* owned himſelf better entertained: He commended the Building; and ſaid he was pleaſed to ſee it ſo properly * inhabited:

* It is adorned with the Statues of *Lycurgus*, *Socrates*, *Homer*, and *Epaminondas*: Under which are the following Inſcriptions.

Under Lycurgus.

Qui ſummo cum conſilio inventis legibus,
Omnemque contra corruptelam munitis optime,
Pater Patriæ
Libertatem firmiſſimam
Et mores ſanctiſſimos,
Expulſa cum divitiis avaritiâ, luxuriâ, libidine,
In multa ſecula
Civibus ſuis inſtituit.

Having planned with conſummate Wiſdom a Conſtitution, ſecured againſt every Inroad of Corruption, this truly great Father of his Country bequeathed to his Citizens a laſting Liberty; Luxury being kept out by the Diſuſe of Wealth.

Under Socrates.

Qui corruptiſſima in civitate innocens,
Bonorum hortator, unici cultor DEI,
Ab inutili otio, & vanis diſputationibus,
Ad officia vitæ, & ſocietatis commoda
Philoſophiam avocavit,
Hominum ſapientiſſimus,

Inno-

habited: A wiſer Law-giver, a truer Philoſopher, a nobler Poet, or a more able Captain, he believed Antiquity could ſcarce furniſh.—Illuſtrious Chiefs! inter-

Innocent amidſt Corruption, an Encourager of good Men, a Worſhipper of one God, this wiſeſt of Men delivered Philoſophy from an idle ſcholaſtick Life, and introduced her into Society, to amend Mankind.

Under Homer.

Qui poetarum princeps, idem & maximus,
Virtutis præco, & immortalitatis largitor,
Divino Carmine,
Ad pulcre audendum, & patiendum fortiter,
Omnibus notus gentibus, omnes incitat.

The firſt as well as beſt of Poets---whoſe Genius ſubſerivent wholly to the Cauſe of Virtue, inſtructed Mankind, by a Language univerſally known, in the godlike Arts of daring and ſuffering heroically.

Under Epaminondas.

Cujus a virtute, prudentia, verecundia,
Thebanorum reſpublica
Libertatem ſimul & imperium,
Diſciplinam bellicam, civilem & domeſticam
Accepit;
Eoque amiſſo, perdidit.

By whoſe Courage, Prudence, and Moderation, the *Theban* Common-wealth obtained Liberty and Empire, an happy Eſtabliſhment, as well civil as military; and by whoſe Death it loſt them.

Over one Door.

Charum eſſe civem, bene de republica mereri, laudari, coli, diligi, glorioſum eſt: metui vero, & in odio eſſe, invidioſum, deteſtabile, imbecillum, caducum.

To be dear to our Country, to deſerve well of the State, to be honoured, reverenced, and loved, is truly glorious; but to be dreaded and hated of Mankind is baſe, deteſtable, weak, impolitick.

Over the other.

Juſtitiam cole & pietatem, quæ cum ſit magna in parentibus & propinquis, tum in patria maxima eſt. Ea vita via eſt in cælum, et in hunc cætum eorum qui jam vixerunt.

An Affection for our Friends and Relations is amiable; but for our Country, divine. This is the Path to future Happineſs, and the Aſſembly of thoſe who have already lived.

rupted

rupted *Callophilus*, who made Virtue their only Purſuit, the Welfare of Mankind their only Study. To eſtabliſh a well-regulated Conſtitution, to dictate the ſoundeſt Morality, to place Virtue in the moſt amiable Light, and bravely to defend a People's Liberty—were ends, which neither the Difficulty in overcoming the Prejudices, and taming the ſavage Manners of a barbarous State; the Corruptions of a licentious Age, and the ill Uſage of an invidious City; neither the vaſt Pains of ſearching through Nature, and laying up a Stock of univerſal Knowledge; nor popular Tumults at Home, and the moſt threatning Dangers abroad, could ever tempt them to loſe Sight of, or in the leaſt abate that ardent Zeal with which they purſued them. —A noble Panegyric, upon my Word, ſaid *Polypthon:* Why, Sir, theſe great Spirits have inſpired you with the very Soul of Oratory—However, if your Rapſody is finiſhed, I ſhould be glad you would deſcend again to plain Proſe, and inform me what that * Ruin means? a Contraſt, I ſuppoſe, in the Landſkip—Something more, ſaid *Callophilus:* You have juſt ſeen the flouriſhing Condition of antient Virtue; ſee here the ruinous State of modern. That Heap of Stones, which ſhould have compoſed ſome regular Syſtem of Architecture, appear, you ſee, in the utmoſt Diſorder. Moſt of them have broke looſe from all Ties of Society; and thoſe which do join in the Edifice, compoſe but a wretched Piece of mouldring Architecture. Far unlike that beautiful † Structure, where every Stone exactly fills its proper Place; and where the moſt beautiful Whole reſults from ſo much Order amongſt the Individuals.—*Polypthon* ſaid, he was glad to find his Walk grew a little more moral. He expected to have been carried into ſome Temple of *Pan* or *Priapus*; but was pleaſed to find himſelf deceived by ſo ingenious a Piece of Satyr.—I intend now, ſaid *Callophilus*, to carry you

* Temple of modern Virtue.
† Temple of ancient Virtue.

to a Scene of another Kind; the * Grotto; a Place much admired by Strangers. What do you think of this romantic Retirement?—*Polypthon* went in; ſmiled, and came out again: Then, turning to his Friend, ſaid, he believed he ſhould have reliſhed it better twenty Years ago.

From hence they walked towards the Temple of Contemplation. This Building ſtands retired in a thick woven Grove upon the Banks of the *Serpentine* River. Here *Callophilus*, ſitting down, begged his Friend would excuſe him one Moment; for he had an Inclination, he ſaid, to tempt the Genius of the Place. An agreeable Retreat, ſays he, always inſpires me with a Kind of Enthuſiaſm—I muſt indulge the thrilling Tranſport. Come, my Friend, ſit down; and tell me if you do not admire the Taſte of theſe buzzing Inſects, retired from a glaring Sunſhine into this peaceful Shade?—Nay, ſaid *Polypthon*, if you are in this Strain, I'll leave you to invoke your Egeria alone: I never interrupt Lovers—*Callophilus* proteſted he ſhould not ſtir: You miſtake, ſays he, the Nature of my melancholy. It is not of the ſequeſtring Kind. It never diſqualifies me for the Converſation of a Friend: How indeed ſhould it? it is not the Reſult of a ſowered Humour, but of the utmoſt Self-enjoyment—Take care, take care, reply'd *Polypthon*, how you dally with ſuch Self-enjoyment. Yours is the Language of every Recuſe. But the ſoothing Humour ſteals upon us, our Notions grow contracted, our Tempers ſavage, till our Humanity is at length wholly loſt in Pride and Sullenneſs. Hence ſprang the ſeveral Orders of peeviſh Aſcetics, which have been equally the Diſgrace of Religion, and Peſts of civil Life.—Argue not, replied *Callophilus*, from the Abuſe of Things: For what may

* This Building conſiſts of three Apartments. In the Front is a very good Statue of *Venus* by Mr. *Scheemaker*. The Walls in every Part are adorned with Shells, Flints, and Mirrors. At the Entrance is a Baſon full of gold and ſilver Fiſh. On each Side ſtands a Pavilion, ornamented with Shells and Pebbles.

not

not be abuſed? Believe me, it is for no monkiſh Retirement I am pleading. That Virtue which cannot bear the Light, I never admired. Yet there is no better Preſervative of good Principles than a little Retirement now and then from the Glare of Life, a little Contemplation *de contemptu mundi:* It is neceſſary, abſolutely neceſſary, to prevent the World's gaining Ground upon us. In a Word, I would have a Man, if you will allow me to ſpeak Paradoxes, live in the World, and out of it at the ſame Time. I could almoſt ſhew you, were thoſe Trees removed, the Houſe of a worthy Gentleman, whom I could call upon to exemplify what I ſay. He is thoroughly intimate with himſelf; acquainted only with others. Yet his Love for Retirement his juſt Notions of Life correct. He neither ſhuns the World, nor courts it. In a Word, he does all the Good in it he can, and expects in return no Good from it.

From the Temple of Contemplation our Gentlemen walked along the Banks of the River towards the Temple of *Britiſh* Worthies; a ſemicircular Wall, adorned with * Buſts.—There, ſaid *Callophilus*, let me preſent you

* The Buſts of Mr. *Pope*, Sir *Thomas Greſham*, &c. with the following Inſcriptions.

Mr. Pope,

without any Inſcription.

Sir Thomas Greſham,

Who by the honourable Profeſſion of a Merchant having enriched himſelf and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the Royal Exchange.

Ignatius Jones,

Who, to adorn his Country, introduced and rival'd the *Greek* and *Roman* Architecture.

John Milton,

Whoſe ſublime and unbounded Genius equal'd a Subject that carried him beyond the Limits of the World.

William

you, Sir, to an illuſtrious Set of your gallant Countrymen; Heroes, Patriots, and Wits, the moſt eminent our Annals furniſh.

Unſpotted Names, and memorable long!
If there be Force in Virtue, or in Song.

Does not your Pulſe beat high, while you thus ſtand before ſo awful an Aſſembly? Does not your Breaſt feel a kind

William Shakeſpear,

Whoſe excellent Genius opened to him the whole Heart of Man, all the Mines of Fancy, all the Stores of Nature; and gave him Power, beyond all other Writers, to move, aſtoniſh, and delight Mankind.

John Locke,

Who, beſt of all Philoſophers, underſtood the Powers of the human Mind, the Nature, End, and Bounds of Civil Government; and with equal Courage and Sagacity, refuted the ſlaviſh Syſtems of uſurp'd Authority over the Rights, the Conſciences, and the Reaſon of Mankind.

Sir Iſaac Newton,

Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend his Works; and from ſimple Principles, to diſcover the Laws never known before, and to explain the Appearance, never underſtood, of this Stupendous Univerſe.

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord *Verulam*,

Who, by the Strength and Light of a ſuperior Genius, rejecting vain Speculation, and fallacious Theory, taught to purſue Truth, and improve Philoſophy by the certain Method of Experiment.

King Alfred,

The mildeſt, juſteſt, moſt beneficent of Kings; who drove out the *Danes*, ſecur'd the Seas, protected Learning, eſtabliſh'd Juries, cruſh'd Corruption, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the *Engliſh* Conſtitution.

Edward, Prince of *Wales*,

The Terror of *Europe*, the Delight of *England*; who preſerved unaltered, in the Height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleneſs and Modeſty.

Queen

a kind of Inſpiration?—On one Side you are preſented with a View of the calm Philoſophers, who ſought Virtue in

Queen Elizabeth,

Who confounded the Projects, and deſtroy'd the Power that threatned to oppreſs the Liberties of *Europe*; took off the Yoke of Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny; reſtored Religion from the Corruptions of *Popery*; and, by a wiſe, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security, and Reſpect to *England*.

King William III.

Who, by his Virtue and Conſtancy, having ſaved his Country from a Foreign Maſter, by a bold and generous Enterprize, preſerved the Liberty and Religion of *Great Britain*.

Sir Walter Raleigh,

A valiant Soldier, and an able Stateſman; who endeavouring to rouſe the Spirit of his Maſter, for the Honour of his Country, againſt the Ambition of *Spain*, fell a Sacrifice to the Influence of that Court, whoſe Arms he had vanquiſhed, and whoſe Deſigns he oppoſed.

Sir Francis Drake,

Who, through many Perils, was the firſt of *Britons* that ventured to ſail round the Globe; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations the Knowledge and Glory of the *Engliſh* Name.

John Hampden,

Who, with great Spirit, and conſummate Abilities, began a noble Oppoſition to an arbitrary Court, in Defence of the Liberties of his Country; ſupported them in Parliament, and died for them in the Field.

Sir John Barnard,

without any Inſcription.

On the Backſide of this Building is the following Inſcription.

To the Memory
of
Signior Fido,
an *Italian* of good Extraction;
who came into *England*,
not to bite us, like moſt of his Countrymen,
but to gain an honeſt Livelihood.
He hunted not after Fame,
yet acquired it; regard-

in her Retirement, and benefitted Mankind by Meditation. Some took the human Mind for their Theme, examined its various Powers, and gave us *to know ourſelves*.—Others took *Nature* for their Subject, looked through all her Works, and enlarged our Notions of a God.—While others, warmed with a generous Reſentment againſt Vice and Folly, made Morality their Care. To the cool Reaſoner ſerious Philoſophy, and naked Truth were offered: To the gayer Diſpoſition the moral Song was directed; the Heart improved, while the Fancy was delighted. To thoſe yet harder to work upon, Example was applied: Folly is brought to the Teſt of Ridicule; while the well-poliſhed Mirror reflects the Villain's Features in ſuch Deformity, that he ſtarts at his own Image with Affright.—On the other Side you are preſented with a View of thoſe illuſtrious Worthies, who ſpent their Lives in Action; entered into the Buſtle of Mankind, and purſued Virtue

regardleſs of the Praiſe of his Friends,
but moſt ſenſible of their Love.
Tho' he liv'd amongſt the Great,
he neither learnt nor flatter'd any Vice.
He was no Bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 Articles.
And, if to follow Nature,
and to reſpect the Laws of Society,
be Philoſophy,
he was a perfect Philoſopher;
a faithful Friend,
an agreeable Companion,
a loving Huſband,
diſtinguiſh'd by a numerous Offspring,
all which he liv'd to ſee take good Courſes.
In his old Age he retir'd
to the Houſe of a Clergyman in the Country,
where he finiſh'd his earthly Rece,
and died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.

Reader,

this Stone is guiltleſs of Flattery,
for he to whom it is inſcrib'd
was not a Man, but a

Grey-Hound.

in

in the dazzling Light, in which ſhe appears to Patriots, and Heroes. Inſpired by every generous Sentiment theſe gallant Spirits founded Conſtitutions; opened new Channels for Commerce; defeated the Projects of Tyranny eccleſiaſtical and civil; withſtood the Encroachments of regal Power; and glorioufly bled in the Cauſe of Liberty.

From the Temple of ancient Virtue, the Gentlemen walked on to that of Friendſhip, which is one of the largeſt Structures in the Garden; and built in a good Taſte, if the Cupulo was away. It is adorned with the Buſts of Lord *Cobham* and his * Friends. The † Roof is painted emblematically; and ornamented in a very gay Manner; perhaps too gay to correſpond properly with the Simplicity of Friendſhip.—I like, ſaid *Polypthon*, who made the Remark, to ſee a Unity in Things; otherwiſe your Compoſition is Oil and Water; its Parts do not blend.

Having ſatisfied their Curioſity here, they went by the Pebble ‡ Alcove, ‖ *Congreve*'s Monument, and the

 imperial

* *Frederic* Prince of *Wales*; the Earls of *Cheſterfield*, *Weſtmoreland*, and *Marchmont*; the Lords *Gower*, and *Bathurſt*: *Richard Grenville*, *William Pitt*, and *George Lyttleton*, Eſqs;

† *Britannia* is repreſented ſitting in State, with Labels, inſcribed *Edward* III. and Q. *Elizabeth*, on one Side: On the other, ſhe is preſented with the Reign of-----which, unwilling to look at, ſhe covers with her Mantle.

‡ A trifling Place flouriſhed with Shell-Work.

‖ On which is this Inſcription:

Ingenio
Acri, faceto, expolito,
Moribuſque
Urbanis, candidis, facillimis,
Gulielmi Congreve,
Hoc,
Qualecunque deſiderii ſui

Solamen

Imperial *Cloſet, to the Palladian Bridge. This Build-ing was copied from one at Lord *Pembroke's*; only there the Roof is ſupported on both Sides with Pillars; here, on one Side by a Wall; which is adorned with a Piece of Alt-relief, by Mr. *Scheemaker*, repreſenting the four Quarters of the World bringing their various Products to *Britannia*; a proper Ornament for a Bridge, which, like Commerce, unites divided Lands.

The Gothic Temple was what next engaged their Attention. It is a large Building of red Stone upon a riſing Ground, adorned in the Gothic Way with carved Work, and painted Glaſs. The Diſpoſition within is very beautiful. You enter a Dome; round which, on the ſecond Story, is a Gallery. The third affords a very extenſive View round the Country.

Solamen ſimul &
Monumentum,
Poſuit COBHAM.
1736.

This Monument
(a poor Conſolation for ſo great a Loſs)
Richard Lord Viſcount Cobham
cauſed to be erected to the Memory of
William Congreve;
a Man, in whom the utmoſt Vivacity of Wit and Humour
was tempered by Manners
the moſt courtly, the moſt humane, and affable.

* A ſquare Room, in which are painted in Freſco, *Titus*, *Trajan*, and *Antoninus*, under which are theſe Inſcriptions.

Imp. Titus Cæſ. Veſpaſian.

Diem perdidi--------I have loſt a Day.

Imp. N. Trajan Cæſ. Au.

Pro me: ſi merear, in me.
For me---if I deſerve it, againſt me.
(alluding to his Sword.)

Imp. Marcus Aurelius
Cæſar Antoninus.

Ita regnes imperator, ut privatus regi te velis.
Govern as you would deſire to be governed.

Country. Over the Door is that Gothic Exclamation;

Je rends graces aux Dieux de n'eſtre pas Romain.

I thank God I am not a Roman.

The Hill, round the Temple, is adorned with very good Statues of the Seven *Saxon* Deities, who gave Names to the Days of the Weeks.—*Polypthon* was not a little pleaſed with this Fabrick, and its ſeveral Appendages. He had long taken Notice of it, he ſaid, as it met his Eye from ſeveral Stands; and thought it a great Ornament, in Point of Proſpect, to the whole Garden; and eſpecially to that Part where it ſtood. He was greatly pleaſed likewiſe with the Palace-like Appearance the Manſion-Houſe made from this Hill. Nothing, he ſaid, could be greater than that pompous Pile riſing ſo magnificently above the Wood that imboſomed it. Here too he firſt took Notice of the Grecian Temple; which has a beautiful Effect from this Place.

While the Gentlemen were thus critiſizing the Objects around them, they were interrupted by a violent Thunder-Shower, which obliged them to take Shelter in the neighbouring Temple. Here they amuſed themſelves with a View of the Park; which *Callophilus* ſaid was improved in a Manner to pleaſe him: It was beautifully laid out, and yet not rendered uſeleſs. I am wholly, ſays he, of the Poets Opinion,

'Tis *Uſe* alone which ſanctifies Expence.

Were I a Nobleman, I would turn my Eſtate into a Garden, and make my Tenants my Gardeners. Inſtead of uſeleſs Temples, I would build Farm-Houſes; and mend and beautify Highways, inſtead of cutting out unmeaning Viſtas. The Country ſhould ſmile upon my Labour, and the Publick partake in my Pleaſures. What avails all this oſtentatious Work? Is any Man the better for it?—I ſuppoſe, ſaid he, obſerving his Friend about to reply, you are going to tell me, it furniſhes Bread for a few poor Labourers. But how is it poſſible for a Man to throw away his Money without doing ſome good with it?—Very poſſible it is, replied

plied *Polypthon*, as the Spirit of Gaming, and every Inſtance of the reigning national Debauchery teſtify. Inſomuch that I ſhould think it a great Point gained, were our Men of Fortune to do no Diſſervices to Mankind by their Wealth. Not that I would have them ſtop here; I could wiſh them to turn it always into ſome uſeful Channel—to ſpend it, as it is ſpent here, in circulating through a Variety of Trades, ſupporting a Number of poor Families, encouraging Art and Induſtry.—Still, replied *Callophilus*, you ſtand aloof. I aſk whether all theſe good Ends would not be anſwered, and farther and better Ends too, were this Wealth laid out, according to my Scheme, in public Works; in ſomething of an *uſeful* Nature?—So you have no Notion, replied *Polypthon*, of any Uſe ariſing, any public Advantage, from theſe elegant Productions of Art? Why, you are a very Goth, a barbarous Vandal. Were you impowered to reform the Age, I ſhould ſee you, like one of thoſe wild People, courſing furiouſly through the Land, and laying waſte all the Labours of Art.—But, pray, do you think no End anſwered when a Nation's Taſte is regulated with regard to Matters of Diverſion? If neither the Mind, nor the Body can bear inceſſant Toil, if Amuſements be allowable, nay if the indulgent Creator hath bountifully furniſhed us with the Materials of theſe Amuſements, it certainly follows, that to eſtabliſh a juſt Taſte in them ſhould be ſubordinate to Things more important, a public Care. And in all polite Countries it was indeed thought worth the Legiſlators Notice. Can it then be conſidered as a Work intirely of a private Nature, if a ſuperior Genius exert itſelf in fixing a true Standard of Beauty in any allowed Kind of Pleaſure; eſpecially in one the moſt innocent, the moſt refined, and elegant?—And great need was there of ſuch a Standard. In the way of Gardening the National Taſte hath been long depraved. Every thing in this way was laid out in ſo formal, awkward, and wretched a Manner, that it was a Scandal to the very Genius of Nation. Our clipped Yews, Box-wood Borders,

Borders, and flouriſhed Parturers, are as Gothic as any Cathedral in the Kingdom; and as oppoſite to that noble Simplicity, which is the Foundation of true Taſte in every Thing *.—Thus far common Senſe will authorize: But I could go farther. To me, I muſt own, there appears a great Connection between an *improved* Taſte for Pleaſure, and a Taſte for Virtue. When I ſit raviſhed at an Oratorio, enjoy myſelf in a well-painted Gallery, or in ſuch Elyſian Walks as theſe, a ſweet Complacency creeps over my Senſes, lulls every buſy Thought, and compoſes my Temper: Then, Paſſion being at Reſt, my Heart expands; and I feel myſelf inſpired with better Thoughts, and better Purpoſes.—Good God! exclaimed *Callophilus*, what an Enthuſiaſt you are! Talk no more to me of Rapſody.

—You

* In figured Plots with leafy Walls inclos'd,
By Meaſure and by Rule it was out-lay'd;
With Symmetry ſo regular diſpos'd,
That Plot to Plot ſtill anſwer'd, Shade to Shade;
Each correſpondent Twain alike array'd
With like Embelliſhments of Plants, and Flowers,
Of Statues, Vaſes, ſpouting Founts, that play'd
Through Shells of Tritons their aſcending Show'rs,
And Labyrinths involv'd, and Trelice-woven Bow'rs.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on ev'ry Side
The Yew obedient to the Planter's Will,
And ſhapely Box of all their branching Pride
Ungently ſhorn, and with prepoſterous Skill
To various Beaſts, and Birds of ſundry Quill
Transform'd, and human Shapes of monſtrous Size;
Huge as that Giant Race, who, Hill on Hill
High keeping, fought with impious vain Emprize,
Deſpight of thund'ring *Jove*, to ſcale the ſteepy Skies.

Alſe other Wonders of the ſportive Shears,
Fair Nature miſadorning, there were found;
Globes, ſpiral Columns, Pyramids, and Piers
With ſprouting Urns, and budding Statues crown'd;
And horizontal Dials on the Ground
In living Box by cunning Artiſts traced;
And Gallies trim, on no long Voyage bound,
But by their Roots there ever anchor'd faſt,
All were their bellying Sails outſpread to every Blaſt.

Mr. Weſt's Poem on Education.

—You cannot ſure in earneſt aſſert that polite Arts improve Virtue? Are they not always conſidered as naturally tending to Luxury and Licenciouſneſs?—You cautioned me lately, ſaid *Polypthon*, againſt arguing from the Abuſe of Things. Men will pervert Things the moſt uſeful; their very Meat and Drink they will pervert. And yet I ſuppoſe you would not recommend Hunger; but would rather perſuade to the proper Uſe of Eating. It is right a juſt Standard ſhould be eſtabliſhed in every Thing worth Notice; and if Men will pervert it, they muſt. Do you think the Omniſcient did not foreſee how much to their own Deſtruction ill-intentioned Men would pervert a divine Revelation, a juſt Standard in Morals? And yet, you ſee, He eſtabliſhed it notwithſtanding. And why not thus likewiſe in Matters of Amuſement? If they are of an allowed Kind, let us have a juſt Taſte in them ſettled; and if Men will abuſe them—why they muſt anſwer for it.——Let me mention however one Thing more, in Favour of theſe Works of Art; and that is the Money ſpent in the Neighbourhood by the Company, which Curioſity daily brings to them. The People, for Inſtance, in the adjoining Town will tell you, I do not queſtion, that this Place is one of the beſt Supports of their Trade: Their Farms, Inns, Shops, and Shambles, muſt all feel the good Effects of it.——To this let me add the great Pleaſure from hence accruing to ſo many People. Such a Place for the Entertainment of Strangers is a polite Species of Hoſpitality. And when it is afforded to all Sorts of People, as this I have heard generouſly is, it then becomes a noble Bounty: A *Sunday* Evening ſpent here adds a new Reliſh to the Day of Reſt; and makes the Labourers Sabbath more cheerful after a toilſome Week. A Garden like this, crouded with ſo many pleaſed Faces, puts me in Mind of what the Paradiſiacal State of Man might have been; the Reign of Innocence, and its Attendants Peace and Chearfulneſs.——To this might ſtill be added another Advantage of a publick Nature; the Tendency theſe Places have to raiſe us in the Opinion of Foreigners.

This

This * was the Opinion of a great Politician, Sir *William Temple*. If we had nothing in this Way to boaſt, our Neighbours would think us a ſtupid, taſteleſs People, not worth viſiting. For the Credit of the Country therefore ſomething of this Kind ſhould be exhibited amongſt us: What public Virtues we have will not appear leſs advantageouſly, recommended by theſe Embelliſhments.

To all this *Callophilus* only replied, that he knew his Friend was too warmly prejudiced in Favour of the more refined Arts to hear ſtrict Reaſon; and that indeed in himſelf it was great Self-denial to plead againſt them. But truly, ſaid he, you muſt give them up, if you think juſtly. Conſider how they take Poſſeſſion of the Heart; how they warp it from better Things; how they relax, and effeminate; in a Word, how greatly they muſt needs interfere with the ſocial and moral Ends of Life.—If then a refined Taſte of Pleaſure, my Friend, hath theſe almoſt unavoidable Conſequences, if it attacheth us too cloſely to the World, for nothing does more, and diſqualifies us greatly in all religious Regards (I mention not that groſs Luxury, and univerſal Decay of Manners, into which it often leads) ſurely we ſhould be cautious how far we indulge it. It is at beſt but of little Importance: It leads to the Neglect of Things of the utmoſt. A Standard here is not neceſſary: In Morals it was abſolutely ſo. Amuſements of ſome kind the World will

* It may be noted as a Piece of Wiſdom in any Kingdom or State, by the Magnificence of Courts, or of public Structures, by encouraging Beauty in private Buildings, and the Adornment of Towns with pleaſant and regular Plantations of Trees, by the Celebration of ſome noble Feſtivals or Solemnities, by the Inſtitution of ſome great Marts or Fairs, and by the Contrivance of any extraordinary and renowned Spectacles, to invite and occaſion, as much and as often as can be, the Concourſe of buſy or idle People from the neighbouring or remoter Nations, where every Paſſage and Intercourſe is a great Increaſe of Wealth and of Trade, and a ſecret Incentive of People to inhabit a Country, where Men may meet with equal Advantages, and more Entertaiments of Life, than in other Places.

Temple's Accout of the *Netherlands*.

never want; Amuſements full as uſeful, and leſs enſnaring.——Thus, ſaid he, each hath given his Judgment: Neither probably will perſuade the other.—As the Shower therefore is now over, let us purſue our Walk.—Thus ſaying he led his Friend out of the Temple.

He had not gone far, when making a ſudden Pauſe he cried out; O *Polypthon*, if you will be an Admirer of external Beauty, admire it in Nature, rather than in Art; in the Works of God, rather than in thoſe of Man: Theſe may carry your Thoughts to Heaven; thoſe muſt fix them to Earth. Obſerve this beautiful Appearance of Things: That black Cloud, which a few Moments ago ſurrounded us, is now retiring—See how it is heaving off, and bearing apace down the Horizon. Earth and all its Inhabitants aſſume a chearful Face, and hail the Sun, again in Poſſeſſion of his azure Dominions. What joyful Influence he ſheds around! The Herbage, no longer faint and ruſſet, is now arrayʼd in its ſprightlieſt Green; the Flowers have aſſumed their gayeſt Gloſs, and tinge the Air with Fragrance; every Leaf ſparkles with Joy; whilſt all this dumb chearfulneſs is rendered vocal by a thouſand rapturous Notes poured forth from every Buſh.

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyſelf how wondʼrous then?
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe Heavʼns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt Works: yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Power divine.

Having repeated this, he ſtood awhile ſilent. *Polypthon* took no Notice of his Friend's Weakneſs; and in a few Minutes he fell back again to a Converſation Pitch.

As they walked up the grand Terrace towards the Parts of the Garden yet unfiniſhed, he began to obſerve the great Advantage of low Walls. By this Means, he ſaid, the Garden was extended beyond its

its Limits, and took in every beautiful Object within the Range of a Country. Groups of Cattle, Villages, Works of Huſbandry, Foreſts, Rivers, and Mountains, were all introduced, and made a Part of the Plan. Theſe diſtant Objects, ſays he, conſtitute what your Men of Art call the *Offſkip* in painting; a Part almoſt eſſential of a good Landſkip. Beſides, by thus letting in the Country upon us, we have an agreeable Contraſt of the *rural* with the more *artificial*; which never fails to pleaſe an uncorrupt Taſte.

Straight mine Eye *hath caught new Pleaſures*,
Whilſt the Landſkip round it meaſures;
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling Flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren Breaſt
The labouring Clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with Daiſies pied,
Shallow Brooks and Rivers wide:
Towers and Battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps ſome Beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring Eyes.
Hard by a Cottage Chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Oaks.

There needed no Poet's Authority, replied *Polypthon*, to convince me of the Beauty of ſuch a Contraſt. I would have *Nature* make the Scetch, and *Art* finiſh the Compoſition; for the one's peculiar Excellence is Fancy; the other's, Judgment.

By this Time the Gentlemen arrived at the * Ladies Temple. Here they juſt looked in, and proceeded to the *Grecian* Temple, which is a very beautiful Building, in the antique Taſte; and one of the principal Ornaments of the Garden.

* A gay Apartment, adorned with Converſation Pieces of Ladies differently employed, and very indifferently painted.

At Captain *Grenville*'s * Monument they ſtood a while lamenting the Memory of a Man deſervedly lamented by his Country.

Having thus finiſhed their Walk, and being about to return, *Polypthon*, notwithſtanding the ſour Humour, of which he had given ſo many Evidences, began now to be very laviſh of his Commendation. Sometimes he would praiſe the many beautiful Terminations of the

* Upon which is the following Inſcription.

Sororis ſuæ Filio,
Thomæ Grenville,
Qui navis præfectus regiæ,
Ducente claſſem Britannicam Georgio Anſon,
Dum contra Gallos fortiſſimè pugnaret,
Dilaceratæ navis ingenti fragmine
Femore graviter percuſſo,
Perire, dixit moribundus, omnino ſatius eſſe,
Quam inertiæ reum in judicio ſiſti;
Columnam hanc roſtratam
Laudans & mærens poſuit
Cobham.
Inſigne virtutis, eheu! rariſſimæ
Exemplum habes;
Ex quo diſcas
Quid virum præfectura militari ornatum
Deceat.
M DCC XLVII.

As a Monument
To teſtify his Applauſe and Grief,
Richard Lord Viſcount Cobham
Erected this Naval Pillar to the Memory of his Nephew
Captain Grenville;
Who, commanding a Ship of War in the *Britiſh* Fleet
Under Admiral Anson,
In an Engagement with the *French*,
Was mortally wounded in the Thigh
By a Fragment of his ſhattered Ship.
Dying, he cried out,
" How much more deſirable is it thus to meet Death,
" Than, ſuſpected of Cowardice, to fear Juſtice!"
May this noble Inſtance of Virtue
Prove inſtructive to an abandoned Age,
And teach *Britons* how to act
In their Country's Cauſe!

Near

the ſeveral Walks and Viſtas, and obſerve how many Uſes each Object ſerved, and in how many different Lights it was made to vary. For Inſtance, ſaid he, the Pavilion, you ſhewed me from the Temple of *Venus*, terminates that Terrace very grandly; and makes likewiſe a magnificent Appearance, where it correſponds with another of the ſame Form, at the Entrance into the Park: Yet the ſame Building, like a Perſon acquainted with the World, who can ſuit his Behaviour to Time and Place, can vary itſelf upon Occaſion into a more humble Shape, and when viewed through a Viſta, can appear a ſequeſtered Retreat.—When he had enlarged upon this Topic, he would next commend the Variety of Objects he had met with. Men of all Humours, he ſaid, might here meet with ſomething to their Taſte. The Thoughtful might find retired Walks for Contemplation: The Gay and Airy might ſee Nature in her lovelieſt Dreſs, and meet Objects correſponding with their livelieſt Flights. The romantic Genius might entertain itſelf with Objects in its own Way, and grow wild with Ideas of the enchanted Kind. The Man of true Taſte might enjoy a noble Entertainment; and even the trifling Genius (ſuch Condeſcenſion was there here to all Perſons) might pick out ſomething for his Amuſement. In a Word, ſays

Near this Place is a lofty fluted Column erected to the Memory of the late Lord Viſcount Cobham. On the Pedeſtal are the following Inſcriptions:

On one Side.

To preſerve the Memory of her Huſband,
Anne, Viſcounteſs Cobham,
Cauſed this Pillar to be erected
In the Year 1747.

On the oppoſite Side.

Quatenus nobis denegatur diu vivere,
relinquamus aliquid,
quo nos vixiſſe teſtemur.

As we cannot live long,
let us leave ſomething behind us,
to ſhew we have lived.

ſays he, theſe Gardens are a good Epitome of the World: They give free Scope to Inclinations of every Kind; and if in ſome Parts they humour the Senſualiſt's debauched Taſte; in others, they pay very noble Compliments to Virtue.—But what chiefly pleaſed him, was the amicable Conjunction of Art and Nature through the whole: The former, he obſerved, was never ſtiff; nor the latter extravagant.—Here *Callophilus*, interpoſing, ſaid, in this Point he muſt differ from him: If Cenſure was due to any Thing here, in his Opinion, it was to a too great Profuſion of Ornament: The Simplicity of Nature, he thought, indeed was too much poliſhed away.—But whence is it, ſaid he, my Friend, that it is needful to admoniſh you of Temperance in Commendation? How comes it that the Aſperity of your Stile is ſo ſuddenly ſoftened?—In all the Works of Men, ſaid *Polypthon*, there is room for Praiſe and Diſpraiſe: And he who tempers not one with the other, but laviſhes either extravagantly, will generally be miſtaken in both. He ſhall be my Critic in Arts, whoſe Praiſe adds Candour to his Cenſure; and whoſe Cenſure adds Weight to his Praiſe.

By this Time the Gentlemen arrived at the Garden-Gate, which put an End to their Criticiſms.

On STOW.

WITH Envy ſtung, and Emulation fired,
Nature and *Art*, each ſeparately, aſpired
To guide the Pleaſures of th' admiring few
In Objects great, or beautiful, or new.
Nature the Foreſt plants, extends the Plain,
Paints the blue Hill, and ſpreads the glaſſy Main:
Here length'ned Views allow the Eye to range;
More bounded Proſpects there the Lanſkip change.
Art bids; and, lo! obedient Cities riſe,
And glitt'ring Spires ſhoot upwards to the Skies:
It pompous Bulk the ſplendid Palace rears,
And each gay Order on its Front appears.
Separate theſe Rivals thus aſpire to fame,
But each, miſguided, loſt her purpos'd Aim.
All cry aloud, when *Nature*'s Works appear,
What vaſt Extravagance, what Wildneſs here!
Nor pleaſed with *Art* alone, each Eye can ſee
Stiffneſs in her, and trim Formality.
Baffled in each Attempt, at Length they ceaſe
Their fierce Diſpute, and knit in Leagues of Peace;
Determined with aſſociate-Powers to ſhew
One matchleſs Effort of their Force at STOW.
The World aſtoniſh'd, as the Labour grew,
Exclaims, "What cannot *Art* and *Nature* do!"

MUSEUM
S.S.B.
BRITANNICUM